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SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VIII.

It to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens' cottages princes' palaces."—*Merchant of Venice*.

"It's five o'clock, sir," said Jerome, who standing at the bedside, the next morning as I opened my eyes from a profound and refreshing sleep, he having awakened me. "All's ready, sir," he added as he drew back the window curtain, admitting into the room the morning's light which streamed through the slats of the venician shutters. I leaped from my bed and having quickly dressed myself descended from the chamber to the hall, at the door of which was the currie ready. Jerome held the reins, and having entered the vehicle I gave the word to start.

It was about twenty miles from Barry Place to the country-seat where my father and family were residing. The horses which Jerome drove were high mettled, and notwithstanding the warmth of the season they completed the distance as Jerome facetiously remarked, "in less than no time." As my fears had predicted I found that Fleming was intimate with the family and learnt from my father, who communicated it to me in anticipation of his intelligence being agreeable, that he was also an assiduous suitor for Ellen's hand in marriage. "He is rich," added my father significantly—"rich!" and there was something in his tone that, though he was my father, caused me to turn aside to conceal the expression of my lips which curled with disgust—it seemed so abhorrent to my feelings that a father should thus inconsiderately look only to the wealth of a man as a husband for his daughter.

I asked if Ellen was at home?

He answered, "no—she and Mr. Fleming drove into the city this morning; but they will be back to dinner."

My next inquiry was for Lewis.

"He is lounging somewhere about the place," answered my father, "but, like a needle in a haystack, he is difficult to find when sought; at dinner however he will be sure to make his appearance."

So—my brother's scheme was in full operation—Fleming and Ellen taking a drive together—my father's consent and approval—and Ellen doubtless captivated by the assumed good qualities of one whom I had reason to believe neither more nor less than a gamester. I managed however, without uttering an epithet or derogative sentence, to smother my feelings at this moment, resolved to weigh well before I acted, to think twice before I spoke once. With this resolution

I seated myself, and having greeted my mother, who now entered the room, replied to the interrogatories of my father as cheerfully as I could.

My mother too commenced informing me of Ellen's brilliant prospects in regard to marriage. As she proceeded with her enumeration of Mr. Fleming's virtues, accomplishments and refinements, my heart was in my mouth and several times I was upon the point of vociferously contradicting her, but with an effort restrained my feelings. Fleming, as was evident, had insinuated himself into the favor of my parents—both approved of the match, both considered it desirable; and Fleming was precisely upon the same footing in my father's family as I was at Barry Place—with the exception I hoped however that he was not actually the affianced husband of my sister as I was of Louisa.

Thought following thought in rapid succession. How was I to act? There would be danger in being precipitate, and my final conclusion was not to divulge what I knew of Fleming's character to my parents immediately; but first to have an interview with my brother, who, after I should represent his companion to him in his true colors, would doubtless, as I thought, be as active in preventing his union with our sister as now he was anxious for its consummation.

My father was now "declined into the vale of years," and had latterly grown extremely corpulent; he was seated in a large stuffed-seat arm-chair, inert and heavy, like another Daniel Lambert—he had always lived the easy life of a gentleman of fortune, and was consequently very little disposed to exert himself. With a yawn, and an ejaculation so peculiar to those advanced in years, he inquired how Mr. Barry was?

I returned him a satisfactory answer.

"And his daughter—how is she?" smilingly added my mother. "You can better answer for her I presume than for her father—can you not?"

"She is in the enjoyment of good health."

"Such a cold answer for so warm a subject!" remarked my father jocularly. "Pshaw! why so bashful? You are engaged to her—are you not?"

"Why ask him the question," rejoined my mother good-humoredly. "Engaged! to be sure he is—we have it from indisputable authority."

"I cannot conceive," said I, "how any one could inform you upon a subject so intimately, and I may say, so entirely connected with myself."

"Are you *not* engaged?"

"You say that I *am*."

"Your words, though they do not imply the contrary, are calculated to leave us in doubt."

"It is not doubtful—is it? I understood you to say that your authority was indisputable. Or was I mistaken?"

"Nay, why this bantering—I am your mother,

George! Be candid with me, for be assured I have your interest at heart—no other motive prompts me. Are you, as it is rumored, the affianced husband of Miss Barry or not?"

"I am."

"And indeed a judicious choice you have made," observed my father. "Your wife elect is an aimable girl—handsome, accomplished and rich"—laying an emphasis upon the last word.

"The two first named qualities," I rejoined, "which you have given Miss Barry the credit of possessing, I confess, were of importance, in regard to the result of my choice, but the latter of no weight whatever. Were she to become penniless to-morrow, my affection for her would be in no degree less than it now is. In obtaining the hand of Miss Barry I never for a moment permitted the influence of a pecuniary consideration; her amiable disposition and goodness of heart combined was the load-stone of attraction."

"You differ materially from your brother, then," yawned my father, crossing his hands upon his head and stretching lazily back in the arm-chair.

"But resemble your sister much," added my mother complaisantly.

"Riches with Lewis," continued the former, "is all-in-all in his pursuit of a wife."

"With Ellen it is not so," rejoined the other—"respectability, a good character and congeniality of feelings, is all that she desires."

Here the conversation was interrupted and our attentions attracted to the window by the rattling of carriage wheels—it was my sister and Fleming returning from the city. In a moment Ellen was at my side and clasped in my arms—courtesy obliged me to accept the hand which Fleming extended towards me. Ellen appeared cheerful—unusually so; he too was or seemed to be, cheerful, and appeared perfectly at home under my father's roof.

Lewis next entered the room.

"Ah George, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, rushing forward and shaking my hand with an excess of cordiality, "how are you?—haven't seen you these two months; how have you been?—how is Miss Barry?—engaged to each other—privately married perhaps—hey?"

"No."

"Well, you soon will be—it's all the same thing. Fine girl—rich—handsome—accomplished. Lucky fellow you are! She always reminds me of Miss Goldfinch—fool that I was!—why didn't I marry her—might have been as rich as Croesus."

"My brother," remarked Ellen, addressing her words to Fleming, "seems to consider that riches only can constitute happiness."

"I do not deny it," replied Lewis, "nor do I wish to disguise that such is my conviction."

But the dinner-bell rung and we adjourned to the dining-room. At the table Ellen was seated between Fleming and myself. I noticed that her manner had very materially altered in the short space of two months; her cheerfulness amounted almost to levity; and from what I had already observed I was but too fearful that an attachment existed between her and Fleming. The latter did not seem in anywise abashed on account of my presence, but conducted himself without reserve, conversing very rationally, and many of his remarks were interesting as well as original. My mind naturally recurred to the incident in the ball-room—he however did not appear to have given it a thought; but that it should have escaped his memory was impossible, and the sight of me I knew must necessarily recall it to his recollection. It suited him though to assume an utter indifference, to act as if nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of good feelings between us; and though I had no personal acquaintance with him whatever beyond the mere ceremony of an introduction, his demeanor towards me partook more of the privileges of an intimate friend than the distant and unfriendly *hauteur* with which I regarded him.

The thought, whether or no Fleming had noticed me upon the day of his mother's funeral frequently occurred to me—my station beside the grave was so close to Mr. Barry that it was scarcely possible for him not to have observed me. It was a matter of doubt. But that he did see me was most likely. This was my impression, and I regarded his affable deportment towards myself as a consummate effort of his effrontery to conciliate and to counteract whatever I might have gathered from the conversation of Mr. Barry that was unfavorable to his character.

In the course of a day or two I was fully confirmed of the existence of an attachment between Ellen and Arthur Fleming. Such an attachment, taking into consideration the character of the man and inferring from the past, foreboded misery to my sister if she should unluckily become his wife. Though forty years of age, Fleming did not appear to be more than thirty; he was indisputably handsome—and that he possessed in an eminent degree the powers of pleasing, I was convinced from the fact of my sister's partiality for him. That an attachment likewise existed upon his part and that his intentions were honorable I did not doubt, but for the reason that I have already assigned, it was impossible for me to countenance so near a connection as was meditated between him and the family. It was therefore necessary, while yet there was a hope as I thought, that I should be prompt in my endeavors to disentangle my sister from the dilemma in which she was unconsciously involved; into which as to me it seemed, like the insect into the web of the spider, she had been decoyed.

Consequently, the fourth day after my arrival—after dinner—it was Sunday too, I recollect—I called my brother aside and asked him if he would take a short walk with me, as I had something important to communicate. He complied, and I led the way ominously in silence to a deep shaded piece of woodland about the fourth of a

mile distance from the house. Nothing was said by either of us until I came to a halt upon a green sward where the ground had been cleared in the center of the wood.

"Your communication must be important indeed," said Lewis, breaking the silence—"mysterious too, or why seek such a place to disclose it in?"

"It is important," was my rejoinder—"the happiness of our family is involved in it."

"Indeed! how so?"

"Ellen—"

"What of her?"

"Is she, do you know, under an engagement of marriage to Arthur Fleming?" This question seemed to be very unexpected; he did not return me an answer, but eyed me with a look of distrust, and thought proper, lest he should unwittingly commit himself, to feel his way by asking a question or two himself.

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because her happiness and the peace of her family is concerned."

"In what way, let me ask?" said he.

"If she marries Fleming she becomes the wife of a villain," I emphatically answered.

At this announcement my brother opened his eyes, not exactly with a stare of astonishment, but a side-glance of inquiry, as if he had not comprehended my meaning and was desirous of my being more explicit. "A villain do you say?"

"Yes," was my reply—"a gamester; a man without character; a vampire upon society!"

"A gamester," repeated Lewis, uttering it with a tone of incredulity and looking into my face with a sinister expression—"a gamester?"

"Yes," I continued—"will you not therefore be as prompt to avoid the union of such a man with your sister as you have hitherto been assiduous in promoting it?"

He quietly answered me with a negative oscillation of the head. His indifference provoked me. "Is the happiness then of a sister dear to you?" I forcibly demanded.

"It is," he concisely replied.

"Consistent with such feeling then how can you consent she should be united to Fleming?"

"You say he is a gamester—how do you know that?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"But that does not prove it. Would it be advisable or generous in me, who have been so instrumental in furthering his advances, to discard him with no other sanction than merely an assertion? No, George. To me he appears an honest man—for all that I know, his character is unsullied. His parentage is known—it is respectable—is it not?"

"I know nothing to the contrary."

"You spoke too of your sister's happiness—how do you know but that it so intimately depends upon her future marriage with Fleming that to prevent its consummation would render her miserable?"

"I hope not."

"You prefer against him the charge of being a gamester. The calling is dishonorable enough I admit, and if assured that he was such I would not hesitate an instant about the course I should adopt. What proofs have you that he is?"

"None."

"None! It is then a suspicion of yours?"

"No—I speak from authority."

"But your authority had proofs I presume?"

"Doubtless—but what they were I did not inquire. It was not the result of any disclosure, but merely a remark in the course of a conversation from which I derived my information."

"Who made the remark? Much might be inferred from the weight of character possessed by the person who uttered it," continued he.

"Mr. Barry," I unwarily answered, but ardently hoping it would produce the desired effect. In a moment I was sorry I had mentioned his name.

A sarcastic smile crossed the features of my brother. "So, so," he ejaculated—"Mr. Barry, hey—I expected as much. I surmised from the first that he was the source of your information. But do you credit it—'tis a calumny of his own invention—"

"Brother—pause—" said I, interrupting him. "Do not I entreat you, use such language in speaking of Mr. Barry. I know the man."

"So do I by hearsay. But do not you, because he happens to be the father of a handsome daughter, be blinded to his faults. All is not gold that glitters, says the proverb, and methinks that it is applicable to him. Arthur Fleming, let me tell you, is an injured man—he has been deeply injured. Who, think you, is the author of his injury? Walter Barry is—and he fears Fleming."

"Fears!"

"Ay, fears him—there's the secret. And I could tell you a tale that would make your blood curdle—but I have promised not to disclose it, and consequently must not."

"I am aware of what you allude to," said I—"tis however false."

"False!"

"Do not understand me to accuse Fleming of a wilful falsehood—such is not my intention. He has been deceived by the ignorance or misrepresentations of others, and labors under an error of the utmost magnitude. Mr. Barry was married to Theresa; he was her lawful husband, not her seducer! Be assured of what I say—and I could also reveal much that would amaze you, but like yourself I am under an injunction of secrecy."

"If, as you say," continued Lewis, he was married to Theresa, why did he not, when it was demanded, produce the marriage certificate?"

"He had it not—it was lost."

"Ay, so he says, and the clergyman that married them too had been dead for several years—a likely tale!"

"I nevertheless believe it."

"You may—I don't."

"Why? is it impossible?"

"No—but it has too much the appearance of a subterfuge for me to give it credit."

"Time will show. But as this is a subject upon which we are not likely at the present to agree, suppose we drop it. Of Arthur Fleming's past history, though, I know much of which you are ignorant; and, though I am not at liberty to enter into a detail, I do not hesitate in saying that it has been any thing but respectable. Do not then—do not I ask—I entreat—encourage his addresses to our sister."

"With your desire I cannot acquiesce. Before I can take so decided a step I must first have proofs."

Our interview ended without much farther conversation. We walked back to the house as silently as we came. I regretted much that I had revealed the name of Mr. Barry as my authority for the assertion that Fleming was a gamester; but it was now too late to be recalled, and if it should in future be the cause of any unpleasantness I resolved to bear the consequences myself. But what I regretted most was the fact that my interview had proved unsuccessful—my hopes of its efficacy too had been so sanguine. My brother as it seemed was invulnerable, without a glaring demonstration of Fleming's character, which at the time I was unable to produce. Whether he was really so, or whether he had assumed it, I knew not. I had my doubts of his sincerity, I confess.

What was to be done? To relinquish the matter without further efforts would by no means add to my self-esteem; nor, upon consideration, would it be polite at once to denounce Fleming. What was to be done? After mature deliberation I resolved to have an interview with Ellen upon the subject.

In the evening I observed that Fleming and my brother kept themselves mostly apart from the rest of the company who had met in the drawing-room—they were apparently in deep conversation, the subject of which very likely, as I thought, was the interview that had that afternoon taken place between the latter and me. During the evening I made two or three attempts to draw the attention of Ellen to the same subject, but failed. I contented myself however, resolving to effect my design upon the following day, and at an early hour retired to my chamber. My sister I knew was an early riser, and an excellent opportunity would be afforded me in the morning, it being her custom to walk *solus* for an hour or more, previous to her breakfast, daily, if the weather permitted. While upon her ramble, therefore, I could make it a point to meet her, to enter into conversation, and, without any danger of being overheard, break the subject to her.

Having reached my chamber and not feeling inclined to sleep, I threw myself without undressing, carelessly on the bed, and drawing the table with a lamp upon it, close to my pillow, passed more than an hour reading Shakespeare until the dimness of my eyesight and indistinctness of the words before me warned me to desist—when with an effort I started up, threw aside the volume, and, oppressed with the warmth of the weather, rushed to the opened window for air. Having partly undressed myself, I extinguished the light; then leaning out of the window, enjoyed the freshness of a gentle zephyr, which, like the jet of a fountain to the parched lips of a pilgrim journeying through a desert, continued steadily to fan me with its delicious coolness. It was a calm, star-light night; not a sound disturbed the stillness of Nature's rest, the inmates of the house had all apparently retired and it seemed as if I alone of all the world slept not.

While thus absorbed in contemplation and indifferently gazing upon the deep-shaded scene

before me, the remoter outlines of which were just rendered visible by the star-light, I was suddenly somewhat surprised by the sight of a female form dressed in flowing white, emerging from the sheltering foliage of a thickly clustered grove that was situated but a few rods from the house. As quick as thought I drew together the venetian window-shutters, through the blinds of which I could see, but remain unseen myself. It at once occurred to me that this was my sister—during the evening while in the drawing-room she was dressed in white which I had then noticed as being an exception to her usual style of dark or grave colors.

The white drapery continued to flutter in the breeze as the figure advanced, and I presently distinguished a male and female, arm-in-arm. They approached the house and stopped, as it happened, immediately beneath the window from which I was leaning. It proved to be, as I surmised, my sister;—Arthur Fleming at her side.

"Dearest, dearest, Ellen!" murmured he with affectionate warmth.

Dearest! how the word, emanating from the source it did and applied as it was, galled me.

"You will leave for certain then in the morning?"

"Yes," was his rejoinder—"I am loath to do so, but I must. Imperious duty compels me. Nothing else would have induced me at a time so peculiarly interesting as this to part from you."

"Part! ah, how cold-like sounds that word. But, since it must be so, reluctantly I submit. One week only though—one week."

"Good-night, dearest—my own Ellen! good-night!" They kissed and parted.

I remained a while longer at the window absorbed in a deep reverie, aroused from which I retired to bed—not to sleep but to think.

How the scene which I had just been a witness of, resembled my own leave-taking with Louisa!—Ellen had limited his absence to a week only—so had Louisa mine. Nothing of importance could be inferred from a coincidence so trivial; but immaterial as it was it afforded me ample room for thought. I selfishly contrasted the warmth, the feeling and the devotedness of my sister with Louisa's less enthusiastic passion—and was it so? did he, a gamester, a man of doubtful character, experience the sympathy and pleasures of that holy passion in a greater degree than I who had ever maintained an unexceptionable reputation? How devoted to him was my sister!—she who was the very poetry of love, whose very existence seemed composed of feeling's intensity!

"And now," thought I, "since I have so unexpectedly been a witness of their mutual attachment, will it be proper for me farther to interfere with their affections?"

With the consideration of this question I remained long awake; and in the midst of resolves, uncertainties, doubts and retrospections, I sunk insensibly into a deep slumber, from which I did not arouse until long after the time at which I purposed to encounter Ellen in her morning's walk.

At the breakfast table Fleming did not make his appearance; Lewis neither. I inquired after them. My sister answered that they had gone

to the city and would not return in several days.

"Gone!" said my father, who it appears was not aware of it, "they must have started early."

"At day-break, I believe, sir," replied Ellen.

"So soon—and not inform us of their intention," said my mother—"what can be their object?"

"I know not," continued Ellen, "no more than yourself. Late last night, Mr. Fleming told me, that in the morning he should leave—nothing further."

I had now been five days away from Barry Place, and as I did not see any probability of succeeding in the object for which I had visited at my father's, I concluded to go back. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, I gave Jerome orders to be in readiness the next morning. To confess the truth, I already ardently longed to see Louisa again—to be again at her side.

Thus, I had given up all thoughts of further pursuing the object of my visit, and had entirely relinquished the hopes of an interview with Ellen, when, as it turned out, in the course of the day, I happened to meet her alone in the drawing-room, and could not resist my inclination to speak with her upon the subject. She was reading when I entered the room, but upon my taking a seat beside her, she closed the book and listened to what I had to say.

"I am about," said I, "to break a delicate subject—it is no less than the growing attachment which I perceive exists between Mr. Fleming and yourself."

With a quick glance, Ellen raised her eyes to mine, the meaning of which I did not understand, and then as suddenly dropped them again in silence.

"You," I continued—"you are my *only* sister! You and I have been associated from infancy up to the present moment almost; there has ever subsisted between us a more than ordinary feeling, and were I to recount the many obligations we owe to each other, I should but tire your patience with that which would be superfluous, for doubtless you are as fully sensible of them as I am, and no less disposed to acknowledge them. At an early age we were thrown upon the sympathy of each other—the cause of which was the decided *penchant* entertained by our parents for Lewis in preference to ourselves. Why they so decidedly singled out him from us I know not; but like much else that is unaccountable, it is perhaps the result of caprice, merely, and has not any justifiable foundation. I remember many a pang my bosom has felt, when in boyhood I have endeavored to resist my brother's aggressions, but was sure to be withheld by parental interference—then, in you, I found a comforter—a friend upon whose bosom I could repose—into whose ear I could unburthen the anguish of my heart."

I paused—Ellen's eloquent eyes were again fixed upon me, and her sunny bright countenance beamed with a sister's love. "The days of childhood, brother—they are our happiest!"

"Not always, sister, mine were not."

"Not?"

"No, sister. Born with feelings the most acute, and therefore sensitive upon matters that

would be to others unimportant, how can I describe to you what I felt, when upon innumerable occasions I have been necessitated to witness my brother's triumph over me. His overbearing, however, eventually became no longer endurable, and one day, in a moment of unusual emotion, I struck him—trampled upon him; you recollect it?"

"Yes," she answered. "I did not witness the affray, but remember well the excitement it created at the time."

"Gross was the injury which I received at his hands, and severe, I acknowledge, was my resentment. But how did my parents judge of it? They heard his relation of the story with tears of pity for his bruises; but to mine, which was the truth, they turned a deaf ear. It was galling, but I was obliged to brook it—Lewis and I associated not while boys; for years we did not speak. We fed at the same table, and grew up to manhood beneath the same roof, but were nevertheless as distant in our deportment as if we never had known each other. This, though, I need not rehearse—you are aware of it. But, notwithstanding our recent reconciliation, he still, as I think, treasures the remembrance of that encounter."

"With malice?"

"Yes I think so—perhaps I am deceived; I hope I am. But to return—in plain language, you are—are you not—betrothed to Arthur Fleming?"

"I am."

"I am sorry that you are."

"Sorry," repeated Ellen—"sorry! Indeed!—Why so? Am I to blame?"

"No, you are not to blame. You have been misled—ensnared; and I censure only him who has sacrificed his own feelings to immolate yours."

"Misled! ensnared!" she exclaimed, with a look and tone of anxiety.

"Yes," I responded—"you have warmed a viper in your breast."

"I do not understand you, brother—be more explicit—sacrificed his own feelings to immolate mine, say you. To whom do you refer in these words?"

"To Lewis."

"My brother?"

"Yes—your brother and mine."

"Has he done so? has Lewis, as you say, sacrificed his own feelings to the detriment of mine hereafter?"

"He has."

"How? in what way? speak! tell me!" with anxious rapidity she uttered.

I then related to her the conversation which had taken place in the ball-room (chapter sixth) between Lewis and myself in regard to Fleming's pecuniary resources, &c. and quoted to her Lewis' own words, which it will be remembered were, "I think he would make a good match for Ellen." I told her besides much of Fleming's early history, as I had learned it at intervals from Mr. Barry, and mentioned also the report which was in circulation, of his now pursuing the reckless career of a gamester.

"He—is he a gamester?" she unconsciously asked, without anticipating an answer, and with her eyes fixed upon vacancy—her head dropped

upon her bosom, and tears burst through her eye-lids. "Alas," she murmured in a melancholy and subdued tone—"alas for me, then—I am his wife!"

"Wife!" I exclaimed. "Wife! Wife!" I repeated—and had a shot from an unseen hand at that moment pierced my heart, I could not have felt more.

"Wife!" I exclaimed. "And is he—is he your husband?"

"He is."

"Then, farewell to your happiness, sister! Alas! I pity you! You have launched the bark of your affections upon a treacherous ocean—a sea in which your heart must inevitably be wrecked!"

Instinctively, and almost insensibly, she sunk back into my arms, and again, as in the days of childhood, our tears were mingled!

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE GRATEFUL PATIENT.

A Dog Story.

Fishes constitute the most prolific class of animals in the irrational part of creation, and it may be owing to this that fish stories abound. It is also true that for size fish are the largest animals of which we have any knowledge, therefore, it is not surprising that they should originate some large stories. To one or both of these causes it is probably owing, that any story which has a shade of the marvellous cast over it, is called "a fish story." I do not object to suspicion and scepticism belonging to fish stories; they are their lawful prey; but I protest against such marks of incredulity being attached to those accurate and well authenticated histories, which other members of the great family of animals furnish. It is not to be tolerated that every wholesome and palatable dish should be served up with this kind of fish sauce.

But it does not follow that "fish stories," because they are the largest and the most frequent should therefore be the best. Many animals make up in sagacity what they want in size and strength, and deservedly occupy a niche in the temple of animal fame. It is a "vexed question" whether instinct in animals does not sometimes amount to reason. It will be difficult to decide this question until the line is definitely drawn, where reason ends and where instinct begins. When an officer places a soldier on the rampart and he, in obedience to the command given, makes signal at the approach of an enemy, this intercommunication is allowed to be the result of the reasoning powers. But when a crow is the sentinel, a tree the rampart, and a significant "caw" the signal to alarm his fellows who are plucking up the corn, that the enemy is at hand, then forsooth this specimen of military tactics is simply instinct. Without further agitating this point, we may safely conclude that animals do possess the means of communicating things to each other; that they have a language which to them is a very plain and significant one. If they do not multiply words and their vocabulary is

brief, it is still very emphatic and they are not compelled so often as men to recall "words spoken amiss."

Of the quadruped tribe the dog stands eminent for sagacity. His biography has furnished the most surprising instances of intellect or instinct, call it which you please, of any class of animals. This at least is my opinion. Not belonging myself to that family and consequently not having access to the best and most authentic histories, I can only hazard an opinion. To make a downright assertion would be too dogmatical. Be this as it may, I am about to narrate a rare instance of canine sagacity; and it is as true as it is rare, if we may credit the "sporting magazine." I cannot refer to the precise volume or page, but it may be found somewhere between the first and one hundred and sixtieth volume folio, near the seven hundredth page. If, therefore, any one doubts this history, let him begin with volume one and go through, and I have no question he will shortly be satisfied. But to my story.

There resided in the county of Norfolk, so celebrated for its game and its sportsmen, a gentleman somewhat advanced in years. He was a man of fortune, lived in the old style of English hospitality on his own estate, and was respected and beloved just as far as he was known. He was a widower and his domestic establishment consisted of a maiden sister not many years younger than himself, (though she was pleased before company at least to yield the disputed point, on the score of her brother's much greater experience;) also a youthful daughter on the immediate confines of twenty, beautiful, amiable and accomplished, and being an only child, the presumptive heiress of his rich and broad lands. The fine old mansion stood about a quarter of a mile from the public road, surrounded by a velvet lawn, with here and there clumps of venerable and majestic oaks, beneath the branches of which, the tame deer were seen reposing. Every thing there was beautiful; the lawn, the garden, the shrubbery, the park, the fish-pond, the distant landscape; but "fairest of the fair" was that light-hearted and gentle girl, who moved about as if she were a sylph of the fountain or a nymph of the woods. The old gentleman had been a keen sportsman in his day, and was still fond of his gun; and there were few days during the shooting season, that he did not bag his two or three braces of birds. In these shooting excursions he was always attended by his favorite dog. I am sorry I cannot speak positively as to the name of the dog. I think it was Rover. Let not this, however, weigh any thing against the truth of this most veracious history. I will at all events call him Rover. Captain is a very good traveling title for a man, and Rover will do very well for a dog. The attachment which the old gentleman entertained for this dog could only be surpassed by his love for his daughter. Indeed it was sometimes doubtful which shared the larger half of his affections. When, after the sports of the day, he returned to his comfortable home, and was ministered to by that "bright spirit," you would have said at once, in every look that he gave his child, that she had entirely and exclusively, all her father's heart. But, then, again in the morning, when the "spirit of

the sportsman" returned, when he held his gun in one hand and placed the other on the head of Rover, who looked up in his face with the confidence of a friend, there was such an expression of affection in the lineaments of the good man's countenance, that one could not help feeling that the gratitude of the dog was equalled by the love of the master. Perhaps you may think that this rivalry in the affection of the master created some jealousies among the parties. No such thing. There was the best possible understanding between them. The more the father made of Rover, the more was he caressed by his daughter, and nothing but the master's whistle could induce Rover to leave the side of his young mistress.

Having casually introduced the reader to the family group, it may be well to be a little more particular. Of the old gentleman I have said sufficient for the present; further traits in his character will develop themselves in the course of this authentic history. Miss Jemima Hawthorn was the name of his maiden sister, and a very discreet and respectable lady she was. She had always lived in the house of her brother, and when poor Mrs. Hawthorn was taken away, she proved herself the best of sisters, while to the infant daughter she was at once aunt and mother. It will not, then, be wondered at if aunt Jemima, for that was her household name, had considerable influence in the family. Indeed her authority was absolute, and what is better, it was in good hands, for she never did any thing but with the kindest intentions, and possessing a good judgment, her measures tended to the interest and comfort of the family. Order, so requisite to enjoyment, reigned in all departments, and if there was a little too much precision, or too much fidgeting on the part of Aunt Jemima, when the train of domestic operations became impeded, (and that will sometimes happen with all our care,) yet on the whole the failing was on the right side. The affection existing between the aunt and the niece was scarcely less strong than between the father and the daughter, but it showed itself in a different manner. Squire Hawthorn, a jovial, hale and hearty soul, was never so pleased as when his daughter in the exuberance of her spirits was making the old Hall echo with her merry shout, or running like a fawn in the park, with dishevelled hair, glowing cheeks and beating bosom. On the contrary, aunt Jemima loved her best in her sentimental moments; and frequently would she edify her with narrations of her own sobriety and decorum at her age. The niece listened with the most respectful attention and promised to curb the vivacity of her spirits; but alas, nature is stronger than resolution. They were not to be kept down when the immediate restraint was removed; there was an elasticity and buoyancy about them which could not be kept under for any length of time. They resembled the toy called "the priest in the box." To look at the box it appears a quiet, sober, grave snuff-box; but you do not know the mischief that is concealed within. You very innocently take off the lid, when "pop" up jumps the priest.

I have now to describe the daughter. Of course you wish to know her name. It was a

very pretty name, a very sweet name, a very simple one. It was Rose. Miss Rose Hawthorn, daughter of Geoffry Hawthorn, Esq. of Sharon Hall, was her legitimate title. The happy father, in the fulness of his heart, would sometimes introduce her as the Rose of Sharon, and affirm that she was the loveliest flower that bloomed in his domains. Whenever he did so, such a blush would overspread the face of his child, that the beholder could not but acknowledge that the description of the father was rather below than above the mark. I do not care about being very particular in my description of Rose. If I should proceed to describe the loveliness of her person, the sweetness of her disposition, and the beauty of her mind, I might fall in love with the picture myself, and thus considerably lessen my weight as an historian, for I am an old man myself and you know the proverb, "an old man in love with a young girl, is an old fool."

I have spoken of Rover as completing the family group, but as he figures as the hero of this story, he must not be dismissed with so little notice. Rover was a dog of high degree. It would be very edifying to trace his pedigree through a long line of noble ancestors, but I must leave this task to some more diligent and learned historian. There is, however, one thing I must mention. Rover was one of nature's nobility. He was never guilty of a mean or undoglike action, but in all things conducted himself in a manner worthy of his high descent. His qualifications were various. He would fetch and carry, guard the house or watch the premises, accompany Miss Rose in her walks, or her father in the field. In this latter capacity his worth was matchless. Sagacious, staunch and true, he ever went unerring to the game and never deluded with a false sign. And when the bird fell beneath the well directed gun, he took the victim in his mouth gently and laid it at his master's feet. What other qualities Rover might possess does not appear from any records to which I have access, but it is said in general terms that he was a dog of rare sagacity, which will no doubt satisfactorily appear before I close this most authentic narrative.

Things were going on quietly at Sharon Hall in their usual train; aunt Jemima superintending the domestic arrangements, Rose laughing, singing and running, old Hawthorn pursuing his sports with untiring perseverance, and Rover directing him to the game, when an unexpected arrival broke in upon the family and interrupted the regular routine. The individual now to be introduced is Lieutenant Henry Lascelles, youngest son of General Sir Thomas Lascelles. It happened that a detachment of his regiment was ordered to a neighboring country town, and young Lascelles was included in the order.

Squire Hawthorn and Sir Thomas had been for many years on terms of intimacy, and Rose and Henry when children had met. A long period had, however, intervened since the families had come together, and Rose scarcely remembered that there was such a person as Henry and Henry thought just as little of Rose. When Mr. Hawthorn spoke about the Lascelles she would very innocently say, "Oh I remember Henry the little boy that used to play with me."

But fifteen years make great changes and the little Henry was now in his twenty-fifth year. He was also a handsome youth and stamped with those noble and not to be mistaken marks, generosity, frankness and bravery. It is not surprising that he should be a welcome visitor. The intimacy which had existed between the parents and the very prepossessing appearance of the son rendered him at once an acceptable guest. I know not how it was, but he seemed to walk into the good graces of the family with rapid strides. His first hit was a most happy one, and gained him at once the best wishes of aunt Jemima. He remarked in conversation the great resemblance between Miss Hawthorn and his own sister, who was just five years older than himself. As this was deducting a good fifteen years from the age of that spinster, she could not help observing that Henry Lascelles was not only a fine young man, but that he possessed an excellent judgment.

Nor was he less successful with the other members of the family. He listened with profound attention to the anecdotes of the Squire, laughed at his jokes and encored his songs. I would not have the reader suppose that in all this he was only acting a part in order to gain "golden opinions." Such was not the case. He truly sympathised with the old gentleman, possessing one of those benevolent dispositions that are always happy in witnessing the happiness of others. The Squire was heard to declare that next to Rose and Rover, Henry was his favorite.

If Henry was thus gaining the good will of the father and the aunt, how must we suppose affairs stood between him and Rose? If the reader expects me to say much on this matter he will be disappointed. I am narrating a dog story and not a love story, and I am not to be turned aside by the most enticing allurements. I may, however, just remark in passing that Rose felt certain flutterings in the presence of Henry that were quite new to her, and Henry himself felt rather queerish. Poor Rose had heard but little and had felt nothing of love. Sometimes aunt Jemima would undertake to describe the "tender passion," tell how she had resisted it and warn her of the danger of listening to the voice of the charmer. But Rose was never much captivated with her descriptions, and she thought, if *that* is love, it can have neither charms nor danger for me, and I am not surprised that aunt should remain a spinster. But now Rose saw the thing in a new dress and the appearance was infinitely improved. It was not that flat, formal, uninteresting thing that her aunt had painted, but such a delightful, teasing, pleasing, good-for-nothing, and exquisite sensation that she could not help thinking that there was something in it. Now if I have not said enough for the reader to fancy the rest, any more would be superfluous. I despair of making any impression on such unimaginative beings.

Things remained in this fashion at Sharon Hall, when a letter from London advised the Squire that his presence was necessary on affairs of importance, which might probably detain him in town some weeks. It was a sad vexation to the old gentleman to leave home in the midst of the sporting season; and when he thought too

of the exchange he was making, the pleasures of the country and the comforts of home, for the restraint of a city and the disagreeables of an hotel, he had well nigh foregone the advantages of fortune. But business is one of those things which must be attended to, and to London Mr. Hawthorn went. Before, however, turning his back on his happy home, he delivered to each member of the family very particular charges. Aunt Jemima must relax none of her assiduities in the domestic department; Rose must be careful and not expose herself to wet feet or night air; Rover must be well tended, and Henry was requested to look in upon the ladies as often as he could spare time from his duties; for as the kind-hearted man observed, if we *both* desert them, they will feel lonesome. Rose kissed her father and looked as if she thought so too.

Henry availed himself of the invitation so freely given, and was a constant guest at the Hall. He would frequently take his gun and accompanied by Rover, who seemed to understand the place which Henry held in the affections of his master, would ramble over the country in pursuit of game. Returning late one evening, Rover being some distance in advance, he was startled by a howl of agony from the dog. Alarmed at something so unusual, he hurried forward and the dreadful mystery was revealed. Poor Rover was coming towards him on three legs, the left foreleg having been broken. How this sad catastrophe was brought about has never been satisfactorily explained. The most probable account is, that it was effected by a stone ejected by some sturdy wight, who was driving his cows to pasture. One thing, at all events, is certain—the leg was broken. Henry hastened with his limping companion to the Hall in no very pleasant frame of mind. He would cheerfully have consented to have his own leg broken, if that would have restored Rover's; but having sense enough to know that two broken legs will never make one sound one, he did not try that remedy. When he arrived at the Hall and the accident was made known; gracious! what a time there was. Aunt Jemima had the fainting hysterics and would have fallen down had not Henry caught her, and when she found herself clasped in his nervous arms, she was quite slow to recover. Rose declared that her father would be distracted when he heard of it, and Henry affirmed that he never should be forgiven. Then Rose began to cry, but history has not recorded whether her tears arose from the reflection that her father would be distracted or Henry not forgiven. Henry tried to comfort her, and so well did he succeed, that she had almost a mind to cry a second time and see if the soothing power he possessed was inherent or whether it had not been accidental. After these various emotions among the parties had subsided, the next business was to consult on the case of Rover. Many wise expedients were proposed, but at last it was determined that Rover should accompany Henry to his quarters, and that he should have the professional skill of the surgeon of the regiment. "Our surgeon," says he, "is a clever fellow. He has mended many a man's broken leg, and if he cannot cure Rover, when he doctors him and I nurse him, it will be a hard case indeed. This

proposition was well received, the aunt thought he would be successful and Rose was quite sure that he would. A litter was prepared, Rover placed thereon, and accompanied by Henry proceeded to the place where his regiment was stationed. The doctor went to work, set the leg, fastened it in splints and in a few weeks the damage was repaired and Rover again sound in limb. It was a proud day for Henry when he returned to the hall with Rover restored to the use of his limb. Squire Hawthorn had been detained by his affairs and did not arrive till some weeks after the trouble had all subsided. He was welcomed home with heartfelt joy, which was manifested by the officious attentions of the aunt, the kisses of the daughter and the jumping and barking of Rover. When the old gentleman was informed of the accident which had befallen his dog, and by whose means he had been restored, he knew no bounds to his encomiums on Henry and declared there was no favor he would not grant him. At the next visit Henry made to the Hall, he was overwhelmed with thanks and every proffer was made which gratitude could suggest or friendship bestow.

The records from which this true history is taken, do not inform us what favor Henry asked at the hands of the Squire, but it is certain that not many months after this, there was revelry in that ancient Hall. Lights might be seen at every window, while music and dancing proclaimed the festivity within. Then were seen a youthful couple in bridal apparel, and there was no difficulty in recognizing the beaming eye of Henry and the blushing cheek of Rose. There also stood aunt Jemima looking for all the world like propriety personified, while the Squire displayed a countenance so full of glee and good humor that it would almost cure the tooth ache to look at him. And then there was——no, there was *not* Rover and no one could tell what day had become of him. He had been absent all day and was not to be found. The next morning he was home, but his mysterious disappearance remained unexplained. The day following this letter was received which at once solved the difficulty.

TO LIEUTENANT HENRY LASCELLES—

DEAR SIR: Physicians have often had occasion to complain of the ingratitude of their patients. Many after being cured take no further thought of the doctor, by whose skill they have been benefitted, much less do they try to extend his practice. There are some honorable exceptions, and I am pleased in mentioning the following as one. Sitting in my study the day before yesterday, I heard a scratching or pawing at my door. It was a familiar sound. I thought I recognized the particular scratch of my old patient Rover. The grateful creature used frequently to visit me in his convalescent state, and would show his sense of obligation for my services by a thousand meaning signs. On opening the door, judge of my surprise, in seeing Rover enter and introduce to my practice—*another dog with a broken leg.*

Yours, truly,

GALEN FIXER.

C. F. L. F.

Memory is bitter and painful: as botanists class the forget-me-not among the poisonous plants.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS MIFFLIN.

THOMAS MIFFLIN, Major-General in the American army during the revolutionary war, and governor of Pennsylvania was born in the year 1744, of parents who were Quakers. His education was intrusted to the care of the Rev. Dr. Smith, with whom he was connected in habits of cordial intimacy and friendship, for more than forty years. Active and zealous, he engaged early in opposition to the measures of the British parliament. He was a member of the first congress in 1774. He took arms, and was among the first officers commissioned on the organization of the continental army, being appointed quarter-master general in August, 1775. For this office he was read out of this society of Quakers. In 1777, he was very useful in animating the militia, and enkindled the spirit, which seemed to have been damped. His sanguine disposition and his activity, rendered him insensible to the value of that coolness and caution, which were essential to the preservation of such an army, as was then under the command of General Washington. In 1787, he was a member of the convention, which framed the constitution of the United States, and his name is affixed to that instrument. In October, 1788, he succeeded Franklin as president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, in which station he continued till October, 1790. In September a constitution for this state was formed by a convention, in which he presided, and he was chosen the first governor. In 1794, during the insurrection in Pennsylvania, he employed, to the advantage of his country the extraordinary powers of elocution, with which he was endowed. The imperfection of the militia laws was compensated by his eloquence. He made a circuit through the lower counties, and at different places publicly addressed the militia on the crisis in the affairs of their country, and through his animating exhortations, the state furnished the quota required. He was succeeded in the office of governor by Mr. McKean, at the close of the year 1799, and he died at Lancaster, January 20, 1800, in the 57th year of his age. He was an active zealous patriot, who devoted much of his life to the public service."

MISCELLANY.

BANDIT OF GOELNITZ.

A JUDGE of the name of Helmanotz, in the department of Zips, sent a young female peasant with a sum of money to Goelnitz, a small town situated among the mountains. Not far from the village a countryman joined her, and demanded where she was going? The girl replied, that she was journeying with a sum of 200 florins to Goelnitz. The countryman told her that he was going there also, and proposed that they should travel together. At the wood, the countryman pursued a path which he had told the girl would shorten their journey at least two leagues. At length they arrived at the mouth of an excavation, which had once been worked as a mine; the countryman stopped short, and in a loud voice said to the girl, "behold your grave: deliver me

the money instantly." The girl, trembling with fear, complied with his demand, and then entreated him to spare her life; the villain was inflexible, and he commanded her to prepare herself for death; the poor girl fell on her knees, and while in the act of supplicating for life, the villain happened to turn away his head, when she sprang upon him, precipitated him into the cavity, and then ran and announced to the village what had happened. Several of the inhabitants, provided with ladders, returned with her to the spot. They descended into the hole, and found the countryman dead, with the money which he had taken from the girl in his possession. Near him lay three dead female bodies in a state of putrefaction. It is probable that these were victims to the rapacity of the same villain. In a girdle which he had round his body, was discovered a sum of 800 florins in gold.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

In the retreat of the French from Moscow, a female sutler belonging to the corps of Prince Eugene, who had been with the army the whole campaign, was returning with a wagon which contained five young children, and all the fruits of her industry. Arrived at the Wop near Krasnoi, she regarded with horror the rapid stream, which compelled her to leave on its banks all her little fortune, the subsistence of her children. For a long time she ran up and down, eagerly looking for a new passage; then returning in despair from her fruitless search, she said to her husband, "We must indeed abandon all! let us now try only to save our own children." Saying this, she took the youngest from the waggon, and placed them in her husband's arms. The father closely hugged the innocent babes, and with trembling foot traversed the river, while his wife falling on her knees at the edge of the water, now gazed eagerly on him, and she saw him safely landed, she lifted up her hands in gratitude to Providence; and leaping on her feet, exclaimed with transport, "They are saved! They are saved!" The anxious father, depositing his precious burden on the bank, seized on two more of them, and again plunging into the waves, being followed by his wife, who bore the fifth child in one arm, and with the other clung fast to her husband, the whole reached the shore in safety, and the affectionate family was reunited.

INDUSTRIOUS CULPRIT.

In the year 1782, a man was convicted of a robbery and condemned to die; but as there appeared some favorable circumstances in his case, his sentence was mitigated, and he was sent for seven years to work upon the Thames. Three years afterwards he was again arraigned at the bar of the Court, for having been found at large before the term of his punishment had expired, and was again condemned to die. It appeared from the evidence produced on his trial, that the moment he escaped from the lighter, he went to a watch-maker, and entreated him to teach him the business; his wish was granted, and the fugitive applied himself to his new trade with such indefatigable assiduity, that in a few weeks he gained sufficient to support himself, and from that time, to the moment he was taken, he

had employed himself in such unremitting labor, that he had not stirred out of his room for eight months together.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

A DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole of the day through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noon-day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased away in his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain, and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards, "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set, a glittering jewelry in the heavens; the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, that what withers on earth blossoms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words. Soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was inhaled, like a dew-drop into heaven.

SERGEANT WEIR.

SERGEANT WEIR, of the Scotch Greys, was pay-serjeant of his troop, and as such might have excused himself from serving in action; but on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he disdained to avail himself of his privilege, and requested to be allowed to join his regiment in the mortal fray. In one of the charges, he fell mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scot, of the same regiment, who lost a leg, asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Sergeant Weir was found *with his name written on his forehead with his own hand, dipped in his own blood!* This his comrade said he was supposed to have done, that his body might be found and recognized, and that it might not be imagined he disappeared with the money of his troop.

A SCOTTISH ANSWER.—A gentleman, who was going along a road some time ago in a Scotch county, entered into conversation with the carrier to a country village, who was proceeding thither with his cart, and, coming in sight of the village church, he asked, "What he thought of the minister, and whether he was a faithful man, and well liked?" "We maun tak' just sic like as we get, I reckon," was his reply. "Well, but you have not made me understand what sort of minister you have got," rejoined the gentleman. "I suppose we'll get nae better as lang as he is living," said the carrier. "Still," retorted the other, "I am ignorant of how you like him, and what sort of man he is." "I believe," said the cautious countryman, "he just does as weel as he can."

ANCESTORS.—Among the admirable axioms of Sir Thomas Overbury, there is one which places the knight's opinion of family honors in a very conspicuous point of view. He says that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato, the only good belonging to him is under ground.

MATRIMONY.—It has been remarked that, in general, persons choose to unite themselves in matrimony to a partner the most opposite in every point, moral and physical. Generally speaking, indeed, it seems as if everybody, upon intimate acquaintance, became heartily sick of his own self, and married a person as unlike the disagreeable original as possible.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. W. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Northville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Orleans, N. Y. \$1.00; W. L. F. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. West Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$3.00; A. S. Andover, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. S. Albion, Mich. \$1.00; W. S. C. Beaufort, S. C. \$2.00; P. M. Huntersland, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hill, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Derby, Vt. \$1.00; E. A. Columbus, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oran, N. Y. \$1.62; C. P. S. Pompey Center, N. Y. \$0.62; P. M. Limerick, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wethersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Egremont, Ms. \$2.00; P. M. North Norwich, N. Y. \$3.00; G. F. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. F. Prattville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00; B. C. White Plains, N. Y. \$0.81; P. M. Millport, N. Y. \$2.00; E. R. C. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; M. S. New Bedford, Ms. \$1.00; P. S. R. Varna, N. Y. \$1.00; L. G. Franconia, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Cardiff, N. Y. \$2.00; J. O. J. Loudonville, O. \$1.00; P. M. Scotchtown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. K. Scipioville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. T. Mount Morris, N. Y. \$0.87; W. R. Thompsonville, Ct. \$1.00; T. E. T. Waynesville, Ga. \$1.00; W. J. S. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. Sandusky, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Bainbridge, N. Y. \$3.00; E. L. Chapinville, Ct. \$1.00; W. D. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. Scottsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Smithborough, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Bethany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Big Hollow, N. Y. \$5.00; R. G. Ypsilanti, Mich. \$1.00; C. W. S. Port Jackson, N. Y. \$1.00; W. L. K. New Fane, N. Y. \$1.00; P. J. Burksville, Ky. \$1.00; A. D. T. Unionville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Grangerville, N. Y. \$2.00; J. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Kingsborough, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Waddington, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Norfolk, N. Y. \$2.00; A. R. Westminster, Vt. \$1.00; M. C. Blackstone, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Battenville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. T. Southville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. W. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Plymouth Hollow, Ct. \$5.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$5.00; S. L. M. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. South Amenia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. M. Essex, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; R. S. Redwood, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Winchendon, Ms. \$1.00; D. V. F. Franklin, N. H. \$1.00; S. H. Brighton, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Shushan, N. Y. \$1.00; G. E. H. Niagara Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Durham, N. Y. \$2.00; P. J. Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. C. Wethersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. W. Springfield, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. Mellenville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. New York, \$1.00; S. E. M'L. Cabot, Vt. \$2.00; M. T. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; B. B. W. Center Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. L. Cuddebackville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. A. Scotchtown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. C. Strykersville, N. Y. \$0.87; E. D. Pawlings, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Milford Center, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Edinburgh, N. Y. \$5.00; L. R. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. S. Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cranberry Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. D. Scipioville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. S. Niagara Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$5.00; J. M. B. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gilboa, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. West Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. New York, \$1.00; D. B. Union Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. Raymertown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$10.00; C. M. Waterloo, N. Y. \$1.00; W. N. Madison, O. \$1.00; S. D. V. Youkers, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Philips Port, N. Y. \$2.00.

Harried,

At Lanesborough, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Charles Wright, of Pownall, Vt. to Miss Martha M. Bradley, of Lanesborough, Mass.
At Mellenville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Lathan Hawyer, to Miss Eliza Proper.
Also, by the same, Mr. William H. Rockefeller, to Miss Margaret Rossman, both of Taghkanic.

Died,

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Lydia Coffin, wife of Capt. Uriah Coffin, in her 63d year.
Parted friends again may meet,
From the toils of Nature free,
Crowned with mercy, Oh how sweet
Will eternal friendship be.

On the 28th ult. Mr. William D. Carr, aged 50 years.
At the residence of her father, in Hillsdale, on the 8th inst. Sarah Ann, daughter of Col. William Jordan, aged 21 years.
At New Lisbon, Ohio, on the 14th ult. at the residence of Dr. Green, Alexander Hanson Curtis, Esq. in the 25th year of his age, youngest son of Deacon Samuel A. Curtis, of Canaan Center, Columbia county, N. Y.
At Nausaunt, Va. on the 21st ult. Mr. David C. Wager, son of Mr. B. Wager of Hillsdale, in this county, in the 41st year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

Lo! Israel's monarch hath laid aside
The gorgeous robes of his kingly pride,
The mourner's garb is around him thrown
As he stands by the bier of the dead alone,
And the Prophet thought it no crime to weep
When his child was laid in his final sleep.

Alone he stands in the spacious hall,
With the dead one wrapped in shroud and pall,
Sadly he bent o'er the lovely clay
So soon to be borne to the dust away,
And there burst from his lips a low, deep moan,
"Would to God I had died for thee, my son!"

It was not that the spirit had fled away,
From its beautiful dwelling place of clay,
The Christian had bowed to his Father's rod
Had that loved one rested with his God—
But his grief might well be beyond control
When he mourned for the death of the parted soul.

There was one who came beside him there,
And bade him hush his wild despair,
"Thou would'st not have grieved if we all had died
As now thou dost by that rebel's side,
Go forth from the dead—for beside the gate
The crowds of thy humbled people wait,
Go forth—or another will claim thy throne
While thou sittest in tears by thy rebel son."

Then the monarch raised his aged head
And the murmuring look from his eye had fled,
He smoothed the pall o'er the fading clay,
Then quickly turned from the bier away,
And his people's shouts were long and loud
As he came before the gathering crowd.

Do ye think that the robe or the diadem
Brought returning calmness and peace to him?
He had raised his eye to One above,
Whose fiercest scourgings are sent in love,
And he bade his trembling heart be still
And meekly bowed to his Father's will. M. E. W.

For the Rural Repository.

SONG OF THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

I DREAM of one who is far away,
On the wide and mighty sea;
The wild waves around his proud ship play,
Which bounds onward merrily.
I dream of one who is far away—
Is he dreaming now of me?

I think of one who has loved me well,
In the happy days gone by;
My bosom heaves with a struggling swell,
And the salt tears fill mine eye—
I sigh for one who has loved me well,
Does he echo back my sigh?

The moon looks down on the silver deep,
With a sweet and gentle smile,
And the waves beneath her soft light sleep,
All peacefully the while—
Does my love, like me, long vigils keep,
While the moon-beams round him smile?

A pure bright star is glittering now,
In the azure depths above,
The fairest gem on night's radiant brow,
Where a brilliant wreath is wove—
Bright star of hope, in thy light I bow,
Art thou watching o'er my love?

While I kneel upon the wave-washed shore,
Of the blue and sounding sea,
All my fond heart's wishes upward soar,
And I pray to heaven for thee—
The waters divide our souls no more,
If thy prayers go up for me.

Hartford, July 13, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY MRS. C. E. DICKERMAN.

Our childhood's past, my brother,
The time of mirth and glee,
When gay and fond, we sported
Beneath the shady tree.
The loved-ones there who gathered
A glad and joyous band,
Aye! all, all, now are parted,
To dwell in distant land.

My heart is sad, my brother,
When childhood's thoughts intrude,
But oh! 'tis not alone—
When I'm in solitude.
No! 'mid the gay and careless throng,
With thoughts like these I'm pressed,
They come in the old familiar song
And sorrow fills my breast.

Oh yes! they're past forever,
Those bright and sunny days,
When we once hymned together
Our Saviour, Jesus' praise;
When the glad sound of prayer, went up
From off the altar stone,
When happy smiles of kindred,
Like blessings round us shone.

The world is cold and desolate,
'Tis filled with every care,
And oh! is't worth the living for,
If love we find not there?
No! no! I'd rather soon decay,
And in the cold grave lie,
Than that each fond affection
Should from my young heart die.

Spencertown, July 11, 1840.

POETRY.

BY MISS LETTICE ANN HOLDEN, LATE MRS. E. L. MAYO.

On reading these lines in a Brother's Bible:

"I wish I could believe
All that these leaves contain,
Without the shadow of a doubt
To rack my tortured brain.
But no—in anxious search for truth,
Still doubts to doubts succeed,
Until I read it not at all
Or cavil while I read."

On hast thou given up that search
On which thy all depends,
And cast aside thy only guide
To life that never ends?

Art thou content to wander on
In dark uncertainty,
With nought to guide thy devious course
But reason's glimmering ray?

Brother, beware! O count the cost
Before you lightly throw

Eternal happiness away
To grasp eternal woe!—

Think of the sceptic's dying hour—
No blessed Saviour nigh
To point his fainting, sinking soul
To brighter world's on high—

But all is gloomy—all is dread—
The future all unknown;
He sinks, into the dark abyss,
Unfriended and alone.

Must I endure that torturing fear
That such may be thy doom?
Must one so prized, so justly dear,
Thus sink into the tomb?

No, brother, no; I hear thee say
"I wish I could believe;"
Hope sweetly whispers, Yet he may
The light of truth receive!

And I'll believe the syren: yes—
I know it may deceive—
But I will trust her now—I'll think
My brother will believe.

Commence anew your search for truth,
If you would find relief;
And while you search, be this your cry,
"Lord help my unbelief."

And He will hear your prayer; O yes,
You have no cause of fear:
If from your heart you raise that cry,
That Blessed One will hear—

And He'll illuminate that mind
Now sunk in Nature's night,
And on each sacred page will pour
A flood of living light.

And every cloud will be dispelled,
Each doubt will flee away,
You'll feel its power, you'll love its truth,
And humbly own its sway.

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FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—"A Post Master may enclose money in a letter to the publishers of a newspaper to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself."

NOTE.—Some subscribers may not be aware of the above regulation. It will be seen that by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing subscription money, he will do so upon being satisfied that the letter contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—National Intelligencer.

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